

"Dresden China Beauty"

Once she was called the "Dresden China Beauty of Washington Square" in old New York. But fate has shut the cards since then.

At the death-bed of her distinguished father-in-law she assumes the title of her husband, the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, Earl of Dufferin and Ava, Viscount and Baron Clandeboyne of Clandeboyne, County Down, in the United Kingdom; Baron Dufferin and Clandeboyne in the Kingdom of Ireland.

The "Dresden China Beauty" has changed her love title for one of the greatest in all England.

When she was but a wee scrap of a girl, playing about the north side of Washington square, she had the yellowest of yellow hair and bluest of blue eyes and the pinkest of pink cheeks.

This was an uncommon heritage, even among the aristocratic scions who belonged on the north side of the Arch. People used to stop and ask whose lovely little girl she was.

To one after another her proud nurse explained that she was Flora Davis, daughter of Mr. John H. Davis of No. 24 Washington Square North.

Meanwhile admirers of the child's dainty, fairylike beauty endowed her with another name. They labeled her the "Dresden China Beauty," and the label fitted her so well that it clung fast until she herself discarded it to become the Lady Terence Blackwood.

But that was not until her horizon had widened far, far beyond the confines of Washington Square North. She still had her yellow gold hair, her blue eyes and her very pink cheeks. She still suggested the dainty, delicate beauty of the Dresden china artists, but her face gradually became less and less familiar in America. New children romped and ran along the aristocratic pavement, while she was being labeled with many new and pretty labels, deliciously fitting and foreign.

Before she was ready to make her debut in New York society the "Dresden China Beauty" was taken over to Paris to be taught the ways and manners of the Faubourgs. Although she was but a schoolgirl, supposed to be hidden behind tomes of irregular verbs, somehow she came to be known as "the most beautiful Americanine."

Her mother, who was Mr. Davis' second wife, was herself a renowned beauty of Cleveland. She tried to keep her daughter as secluded as possible, but beauty, like murder, will out. Mrs. Davis had her hands full with her beautiful Flora, who was quickly celebrated as the only daughter and heiress of the rich Wall street banker.

Through all this adulation the young girl seemed to retain the great charm of her unconsciousness. She was looking forward to the season when she should make her debut when her first real grief assailed her. Her mother died suddenly while they were still abroad.

With her father Miss Flora, as she was then, apparently heart whole and fancy free, returned to America and to Washington Square North.

The "Dresden Beauty" had assumed her old title. All New York was apprised of her coming, and a couple of years later the only daughter of the Wall street banker was introduced to the most exclusive set in America at a great ball at Sherry's. It was given under the auspices of Mrs. Paron Stevens, Mrs. J. Townsend Burden and Mrs. Jules de Neufville.

On that night Miss Flora Davis added fame to her beauty. She was of an unusual type. A man once trying to describe her said he had seen her lay a rose leaf upon her cheek, and he would defy detection as to where the velvety softness of one began and the other ended.

When the new beauty was most beautiful, and not quite out of her teens she went abroad again, with her father. This time she was absorbed in music. She sang at many great houses exquisitely. Ambrose Thomas praised her, her teachers gave her plenty of work and she buried her blonde head persistently behind old opera scores, but they were as powerless as French grammars to hide her charms.

It happened to be the season of 1891. The great Lord Dufferin, great administrator and great diplomat, was the British Ambassador in Paris. In his household was his second son, Lord Terence Blackwood.

Paris is big and its houses are many, but even as though the match had been decreed in heaven, Lord Terence Blackwood and John Davis' only daughter met and loved.

For some months the match hung fire. He was the second son and

most portionless. With her tremendous beauty a more brilliant alliance had been predicted. It was rumored that among the most ardent of her suitors was Paul Deschanel, the famous young French politician, who has since become president of the Chamber of Deputies and husband of the niece of the late Antonio Terry.

"The Dresden China Beauty" returned to America with her father, leaving the bestowal of her hand in doubt.

While her world was still asking which would win, Mr. Davis, the banker, with scarcely any announcement and no conventional fuss, was married to a daughter of the late Augustus Whiting. Immediately after the ceremony the new Mrs. Davis, with her happy husband and beautiful stepdaughter returned to Paris.

There at the American Church, brilliantly surrounded by men and women of high degree, the "Dresden China Beauty" bravely faced love in a cottage and accepted the hand of Lord Terence Blackwood, second son of the distinguished Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, universally regarded as the ablest of British diplomats.

All Lord Dufferin's sons were educated to work, in spite of the advantages which an eminent father usually bestows. The second son was in diplomatic service when he married John Davis' daughter. He has remained in service ever since, first in the English Embassy at Paris, then as secretary at St. Petersburg and later in the legation at Stockholm.

Meanwhile Lady Terence Blackwood's father saw to it that the cottage in these various places was of splendid and imposing proportions.

Lord Dufferin's second son was living with his wife and two dear little baby girls in Stockholm, earning a career for himself, when suddenly a Boer bullet created him heir to one of the greatest of English titles. His elder brother, the Earl of Ava, a bachelor thirty-six years old, had been killed at Ladysmith while he was carrying messages from one commander to another under fire.

Instantly the second son became a personage, heir to all the titles of his father, the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava. His brother was the Earl of Ava, and, according to a good old English custom, Lord Terence Blackwood at his death selected another of his father's titles and became known as the Viscount Clandeboyne, the name of the house and estate in Ireland.

The Viscountess Clandeboyne, once the "Dresden Beauty of Washington Square," becomes on the death of the Marquis of Dufferin a peeress of the realm. The able Marquis was in his seventy-fourth year and already enfeebled by the anxieties and cares of half a century in the service of the crown when he fell sick last month.

In deference to his wishes, his son and heir was recalled from Stockholm and given an agreeable position at the Foreign Office, so that he and his beautiful American wife might henceforth reside in London.

Love in a Stockholm cottage was transferred to 75 Cadogan square, a luxurious home provided by the Viscountess' banker father.

There the beauty of the American Viscountess acquired new fame. Her house, with its great white staircase and tremendous blue hall, was described by every paragrapher in London. The peculiar tint of the pink curtains in her drawing room, shading into deeper pink at the walls, seemed to shed a new and more fascinating light upon her golden hair. Her locks and her skin became as famous as in the old days when her nurse used to trot her about on the north side of Washington Square.

While his daughter was advancing her titles and her fame Mr. Davis remained on in the old house. He had become for the third time a widower and for the fourth time a husband. His last wife, who was once Mary Ethel Jackson, died a year ago, leaving him a son, who may be seen any clear day riding over the very pavements where once his stepister used to hear herself called the "Dresden China Beauty."

Now that the Viscount Clandeboyne will succeed to the title of Marquis, there is much speculation as to how far he will go in diplomatic art. His distinguished father began life as Baron Dufferin, a poor, unknown, Irish peer. He climbed up from one office to another, till he became in turn Viceroy of India, governor-general of Canada and ambassador to Paris.

He retired from public life full of honors, crowned with every distinction that could be conferred upon him for brilliant services, yet comparatively poor on account of his lamentable connection with the Whitaker Wright concern, which is now in liquidation.

But the American Marchioness of Ava has plenty of money at her command to keep up the title as it should be kept up. Her position as peeress of the realm will be as high as that occupied by Lady Curzon of India.

Irrespective of any honors that her husband may win for himself, she will be one of the leaders of the official and social world in the British empire.

The little "Dresden China Beauty" ranks next to the highest among the English nobility, and those who have seen her lately declare that she wears her title as proudly as ever she did the nickname bestowed upon her in her childhood days, when she was just plain Flora Davis of No. 24 Washington square, north.—Examiner.

Reason Why Birds Fly

A subject of world-wide interest is found in air navigation. Birds are past masters in the art, while we as yet have scarcely begun to learn anything about it. Birds inhabit the atmosphere in untold multitudes. Such species as the condor and frigate bird may be said to live in the air. The frigate will not touch a rigid support often for a month at a time, stealing his food from fish-hawks and floating in great circles to the height of a mile or more while it is being digested. The condor carries its twenty pounds, with an additional ten pounds of freshly gorged carrion, to an altitude of three miles, and serenely waits for an empty stomach to return to earth.

If a thirty-pound condor can circle around for six days, three miles high in the air, why cannot a man? Is there something wrong? Science is as dumb as the Sphinx when confronted by a soaring bird, and common sense is baffled. The bird carries no engine with it. It does not move the flappers it has after it gets well going. Its moving parts seem to be of use only to get it off some unknown dead center. Once going it is a genius of the lamp, violating all known mechanical laws, persistently doing work in holding up a heavy body and overcoming atmospheric resistance at the rate of fifty feet per second without discoverable expenditure of energy.

A condor will alight on a carcass after being six days in the air, and go to work as if it had enjoyed a long rest. To say that there is always wind where the birds are is no help. Why cannot a man float in wind as well as a bird? Any wind, or no wind at all, is all one to the bird. Does the weight of the man act differently from that of a bird, that he comes down so promptly?

What is a feather? It is an air engine and the bird surfaces are made of them. They have been looked upon as a light, flexible material for making an extended surface impervious to air, that would readily fold upon itself, and their exquisite mechanical structure has been overlooked. They consist of a quill and two vanes, made up of spicules, between which are the plates. The plates cross a channel, about one-fortieth of an inch wide, made by the spicules. These channels are open through the thickness of the feather. The plates are hinged to the epicles at one end only, the other terminating in hair-like serrated appendages which lock into each other, lapping over themselves in the center of the channel. There are about 1,000 of them to the inch, or practically innumerable, and they are located at the outer surface, filling about the one-fifty part of the depth of the channel. They are about one-twenty-thousandth inch thick, as nearly as an amateur with the microscope could determine, so that nineteen-twentieths of the space is open to the passage of air. Thin as they are, they are ponderous when examined edgewise, with good specimens of the gold-beater's art. They are capable of rotating through about 25 degrees, and are beautifully curved at their outer edges.

The curved edges of the plates are to the rear in the extended wing. The mechanical service of the plates is obvious. The curve impinges against the air current through the feathers and drives the bird to the front. Pressure produced by the normal factor of weight is thus made to serve as the motive power of flight.

The lover of nature who is familiar with wilds unfrequented by men may witness activities seldom seen in populous places, and the struggle for life between a Wilson's hawk and yellow hammer on the Colorado mountains indicates the possession of some mechanical energy greater than can be produced by pressure action. A frigate bird of our southern coasts can move vertically upward for half a mile, at a velocity of 100 feet per second, with no visible wing motion whatever. There is a spiral configuration of the plates where they meet in the center of the channel, which, possible combined with the pressure action, may augment the forward thrust by introducing some molecular energy into the case. These very curious and novel exhibitions of motion still require explanation, and it may be found that the ordinary equilibrium pressure of the atmosphere, at fifteen pounds to the square inch may be upset by this fine plate work mechanism.

Sensitive to P. rufes.

"Young Kubelik, the violinist," said a well-known musician in Toronto the day after the wonderful gardener's son appeared in Massey Music Hall in the Queen City, "is extraordinarily sensitive to perfumes, and experiments of great scientific value in the determination of certain odors essential effects are often made on him. Perfumes intoxicate him like alcohol and create in him the most excessive emotion. The

odor of violets causes him to become gay, to dance, to snap his fingers and to take down his fiddle and play lively airs. Heliotrope makes him romantic; he desires under its influence to read and to compose verses, to wear antique jewels and vestments and to study love in its complex forms. The odor of the tuberose makes him sad, so that he reads tragic things, plays tragic music, dons black and weeps readily. Lemon excites in him an appetite for alcoholic liquors. Orris makes him timorous, and if he remains too long in the presence of this perfume he faints.—Toronto Star.

The Bug Bible

The bug Bible was printed in 1549 by the authority of Edward VI., and its curiosity lies in the rendering of the fifth verse of the Ninety-first Psalm, which, as we know, runs: "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night nor for the arrow which flieth by day," but in the above version ran, "So thou shalt not need to be afraid of any bugs by night."

Ludicrous as this sounds, it is etymologically without justification. "Bug" is derived from the Welsh word "bwg," which meant a hobgoblin or terrifying specter, a signification traceable in the word commonly in use today—"bugbear"—and Shakespeare once or twice uses the word in this primary sense, notably when he makes Hamlet say, "Such bugs and goblins in my life."—Ex.

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